

Good Morning 393

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' Shop Talk

LIEUT. Donald Stuart McNeill Verschoyle - Campbell, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., was one of the youngest of British submarine commanding officers. He joined the Submarine Branch of the Royal Navy in 1940, and served as navigator, armament officer and subsequently as First Lieutenant in H.M. Submarine "Torbay" under Commander A. C. C. Miers, V.C., D.S.O., R.N. During that period he was awarded the D.S.C. and was Mentioned in Despatches.

Lieut. Verschoyle - Campbell was selected for an early command, and passed his Commanding Officer's Qualifying Course at the age of 22. He assumed the command of H.M. Submarine "Stonehenge" while she was under construction, and, on completion, took her to the Far East.

On Tuesday, the "London Gazette" announced that Lieut. Verschoyle-Campbell had been awarded the D.S.O. for outstanding courage, skill and devotion to duty in successful patrols in H.M. Submarines.

On Wednesday the Admiralty regretted to announce that His Majesty's Submarine "Stonehenge" was overdue, and must be considered lost.

WHEN a reporter and photographer called at the home of Stoker E. Smith for a message from the folk at home, they found the Stoker was home, so they all had tea.

Edward, it seems, told a story about some cigarettes from Paignton. Too bad about the Customs. I suggest that you approach the folk at Paignton and ask them to make other arrangements.

Other stories about H.M. Submarine "Torbay" that were told that afternoon were more entertaining I gather. If any of Smith's shipmates had dropped in to see him with fourteen-months-old daughter Pauline, I imagine even more amusing tales might have been told.

MOST interesting letter to-day was from H.M. Submarine "Sickle," and the signature was Leading Stoker E. W. Davies.

Sorry it's not possible to send by post a copy of the paper in which your home message appeared, Stoker, but you should have it by now anyway.

Did you get the prints I sent on, by the way? Hope they will get the prominence they deserve in the pin-up gallery.

That son of yours sure is a boy.

You didn't really have us all blushing at your comments on the paper, but we were mighty glad to hear that "Sickle" is

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Derek Alexander tells

"WHY THEY GET THE NEEDLE"

NO one but the millions of patients really know why they get the needle, though most tattooists volunteer their suggestions.

Professor George Burchett, of Waterloo Bridge, puts it down to love and war—"When you get them both together—well, it's another boom," he says.

Sutherland Macdonald suggests vanity as the reason for this voluntary body mutilation.

The eminent general, for instance, who was a big-game hunter, had the head of every animal he killed tattooed on him until he was a zoo in himself.

LORD LONSDALE, at a Glasgow dinner, removed his jacket to show, on his forearm, tattoo marking most of his achievements throughout his life. On that occasion he was challenged by the Duke of Montrose and Sir Jan Colquhoun, who also removed their jackets to show their markings.

Theodosius D. Rockwell, an Oregon traveller, had his name and home address tattooed in forty languages on his legs so that he could never get lost.

Many young men in the Services have the name of the current girl friend tattooed on their arms, and during the war Service girls have followed the example with orders for identity numbers and regimental badges to be put on their arms.

Jane and Popeye, the famous Daily Mirror cartoon characters, are the most popular tattoo subjects with the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy.

Billy Donely, of Liverpool—"professor" to his clients—who has run tattoo salons all over the world for forty-two years, told me: "The war has improved our trade, and changing fashions have made Popeye and Jane two of the most popular of my 7,000 designs—which cost from 1s. to £10."

I attended a tattooist as a matter of interest.

I rolled up a sleeve. We sat down at opposite sides of a table. He dabbed my arm with antiseptic, then with vaseline. Then he turned on an electric needle, whose buzz was alarmingly reminiscent of a dentist's drill.

The pain was slight—a mere series of needle-pricks. The operation took only a minute or two; but I was glad when it was over.

I paid three shillings and left with something up my sleeve.

But spring fever is the answer given by most experts. They reason that hearts pierced by arrows and the sweet-heart's name are the most

common request, and this, of course, is brought about by the love bug.

Naturally, there are thousands of individual reasons—when his daughter was shot in a London street in 1935 a man named Meek had a permanent memento of the tragedy recorded on his arm. When he left the Waterloo workshop his arm bore the words, "Death Before Dishonour," and under a heart pierced with a dagger he had written: "In loving memory of my daughter, Hilda, shot by Del Fontaine." He had a bloodspot tattooed—a small red mark like a bullet wound—and a snake, symbolising revenge.

Millie Hall, New York's only woman tattooist, was once requested to tattoo the notice, "My wife is guilty of my death," on a man's chest.

Ray Blair, a Jacksonville expert, inscribed a man's will on his back. A doctor had to be called to give the old man sedatives, because Blair tattoos a permanent design with an electric needle which pricks the skin 3,000 times a minute.

And two lawyers witnessed the will by taking up the drill from Blair and designing the letter X at the foot of the will on the man's back.

King George V, while Duke of York, had a dragon tattooed on his right arm by Sutherland Macdonald, and there were three kings in Europe who carried his handiwork on them.

Prince Henry of Prussia, the ex-Kaiser's brother, had a Japanese girl tattooed on him. The Maharajah of Bikaner chose to be ornamented with a tiger, the Maharajah of Patiala with sporting designs, such as a dog's head with a rabbit in its mouth. The Sultan of Johore had his arms covered with snakes, dragons and tigers.

Lord Byng of Vimy, as a junior officer in the 10th Hussars, was one of Mr. Macdonald's earliest clients.

The Marquess of Winchester, who was killed in the South African War, was the first man to try the effect of green tattooing when coloured designs were just coming into favour.

Although, of course, sentiment is usually the reason for getting the needle, tattooing has been instrumental in fortune-making.

Millions have paid to gaze upon the military figure of the world's tattoo wonder—The Great Omi. From head to foot he is a dark blue. A former public school boy, he had a distinguished Army career.

Throughout his ordeal—the tattooing took three and a half years—his wife stood by comforting him the while she dressed the painful wounds left by the tattooist's needle.

Once during the process he was blind for several days? His reason? He was unemployed, and thought the original idea would be a breadwinner. He was right. Many lesser-tattooed women—sorry, ladies (they're always ladies)—and men, have made fortunes by making themselves freaks.

In recent years, women more than ever have gone in for this kind of body decoration.



There is on record the case of a lady who, scared of using rouge and lipstick, had her lips reddened and her cheeks faintly rouged, her eyes slightly "blued" underneath, all to make her look like a beautifully made-up lady. It took a tattooist a month to do, and his fee was one hundred pounds.

"Death before Dishwashing" was the slogan an American W.A.A.C. had tattooed across her back.

Figures disclose that hundreds of U.S. Women Forces have fallen for the craze. They are streaming into tattoo parlours, baring arms, legs and backs for the oddest of decorations.

Patriotic Manchester maidens, at the Coronation, determined that the occasion should stay in their memories, had Royal emblems tattooed on their legs and backs.

Ellen Wicks, an L.M.S. parcels porter, together with her fair colleagues, had a mark engraved on her arm in memory of their happy working association.

The woman who refused to be tattooed all over caused a sensation in Wiltshire a few years ago. A man spent hundreds of pounds having his body tattooed all over, stipulating that the woman he married would have to do the same.

Dutifully, she had half-a-dozen designs worked on her back. But then she struck—refused to have another inch covered.

Her husband is now one of the most disappointed of men, as his great ambition was to have a wife who was every inch an example of the tattooist's art.

Tattooing, of course, has been the cause of a lot of bother from time to time. Most boys get their knuckles rapped for amateurishly printing Red Indian heads and skulls and crossbones on their wrists during school hours, but when the professional's needle has been at work the result is more serious.

Fifteen-year-old Bobby Macdonald walked into school at Indianapolis, Indiana, with a nude dancer tattooed on his arm. To his classmates he showed the lady in all her shameless charm.

The teacher called the headmaster.

The harassed headmaster called on the school advisory board, who could only suggest that the tattoo artist be arrested.

Finally, the head asked the juvenile court to settle the problem.

When Bobby appeared in court his dancer was modestly attired in panties and brassiere of fountain-pen blue.

The Judge suggested he tell the tattoo artist to give his dancer warmer attire. He did that.

Two years previously, in the same State, a man, re-

jected by the Naval Recruiting Office because he had a nude woman tattooed on his arm, rushed to a tattooist and had skirts and brassiere added. Returning to the recruiting office, he was accepted immediately.

When Gunner Graham, of H.M. Submarine "Cachalot," made an escape attempt from an Italian prison camp, he was betrayed by "Rule Britannia" which was tattooed on the chest of a fellow escapee.

Criminals and deserters have frequently been identified by their peculiar markings, and so brought to justice.

One of the first men to become prominent in the art in this country, fifty years ago, conceived the idea of tattooing the arms of his friends at Brighton.

Either they were unusually willing to suffer in the cause of art, or else he was bigger than they were, because half-a-dozen of them allowed him to experiment upon them with a rich ink made from coal-dust and an ordinary needle from which most of the rust had been wiped.

And that is how Professor George Burchett, who keeps that funny little shop near Waterloo Bridge, began his queer trade of tattooist.

He went round the world, making his expenses out of his sharp little needle and the strange desire of so many people to have their skins decorated with snakes and butterflies. And then he came home, started his shop, and tattooed so busily for about thirty years that he can now boast proudly of having covered with reds and blues and purples at least an acre of human surface.

Centuries ago African tribes marked their boys, rubbing wood ashes into deliberately cut gashes in their faces. When the swelling subsided, a purple scar remained. In some tribes no maiden is eligible for marriage until she is elaborately tattooed all over.

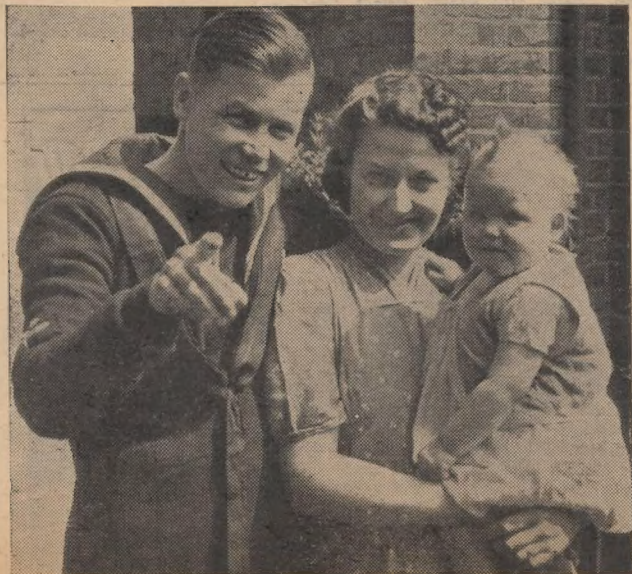
Sometimes tattoo marks bear witness to acts of bravery in the face of the enemy—sometimes a sign of mourning, or it may have other religious significance.

In Japan, where the art is believed to have been first practised, brilliantly coloured and elaborately designed patterns took the place of clothes.

NOTE.—A London professor of dermatology, asked whether or not tattoo marks could be permanently and completely removed, said: "Yes, they can be removed—that is, almost invariably." There are several processes—removal of the true skin, burning, with a process for which silver and sulphur are used, and a simpler method of dry-cleaning, the latter being the most popular.

Ron Richards

Watch the Birdie!
St/E. Smith and family



MENACE OF MACE

PART 8

PERHAPS because I had no time to think or brood I met Mace in a more confident mood.

"Good morning, inspector," I said, as he came in. "I saw you outside and wondered if you were coming to see me."

"Did you, Mr. Harborough?" he answered politely. "Miss Lockwood told you, I suppose. I thought I might find her here. He looked about the room. It was an unexpected response and a rather dampening one to my confidence. But I answered instantly.

"No. She's just gone. She told me you'd been to see her and asked her, I think she said, a million questions and you seemed to disbelieve the answer to every one of them."

I spoke as lightly as I could and Mace smiled sadly and shook his head.

"She shouldn't have said that," he replied. "She told me the same thing and I tried to explain. It isn't that we don't believe what people tell us when we put our questions to them; we've got to test them because people don't remember incidents until we jog up their memories as it were. That's part of our job, and not too pleasant a job either. When anything goes wrong with their affairs, the public's only too anxious to see the police. And talk, and talk and talk."

I said: "Yes, I suppose that's right. Well, come on, Mr. Mace." "It's about this morning," Mace said. "This person you thought you saw on the premises at Eastwinds. Now, sir, I'll just read you the constable's statement and ask if you can add to it."

He read through Warne's report in the mechanical way of policemen in the witness box.

When he had finished I said, "Well, that's correct and that's about all there is to it."

"And you didn't see anybody?" "No."

"Now, sir, there's just one point." Then Mace started on that deadly, emotionless routine of questions that policemen have.

Very soon I saw where he was leading and I saw the trouble I was in for. It was this damned business of times again. Mace, explaining apologetically how necessary it was to be accurate, had me tied up pretty quickly. For I had told him unthinkingly that it was about twenty minutes past midnight when I had started on my walk and that I was sure of it. I was.

WANGLING WORDS—335

- Put a monkey in OR and make something you can cut.
- In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Entitled of sheer menaid het to shalbuf.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BOAT into LAKE and then back again into BOAT, without using the same word twice.
- Find the two hidden fishes in: Playing the bassoon may disturb other people.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 334

- Preserves.
- This is the Army, Mister Jones.
- GIRL, gird, bird, bard, bare, bars, bays, BOYS, toys, tors, tore, core, cure, cull, gull, gill, GIRL.
- Chance-1, Bel-fry.

Glancing at Warne's report he pointed out that it was one-fifteen when the constable stopped me coming out of Eastwinds and that I had said that I had only been there a few minutes. It was not more than ten minutes' walk to the bungalow and I had to account for the intervening time.

I said, "Well, there it is, inspector. I didn't go farther than the bungalow so my few minutes must have been three-quarters of an hour. It didn't seem like that, but I suppose I was interested; I know I was a bit excited; at first, anyhow."

"I suppose you didn't enter the house, sir?" Mace asked casually.

"Enter it?" I exclaimed. "Good lord, no. I haven't got the key. Mr. Jervis has that."

"Ah," Mace said in that tone of disappointment I had heard before. "And so you stayed there for three-quarters of an hour and never saw anything suspicious?"

I tried a question on my own account.

"Why are you taking so much trouble over what seems to me a very trivial incident?" I said. Mace looked up from his notebook and fixed me with a stern gaze.

"Not trivial, sir, if you bear in mind what happened to Mr. Alban Harborough. Anything that might have any bearing upon the circumstances in which he met his death is of grave importance."

"But—but—" I began.

"My Chief does not accept the verdict of the Coroner's jury"; he went on with a grim note of finality in his voice, and his steady eyes never left my face as he spoke.

I made no answer, for as I recall Jervis came bursting into the room almost at once. I expected him to show surprise at seeing Mace there, but instead he began calmly:

"What's all this about someone trying to break into Eastwinds?"

Mace answered as calmly, "What can you tell us about it, sir?"

Jervis pulled off his raincoat. "Nothing more than you told Miss Lockwood, inspector," he said. "I met her outside. She's my informant."

"Ah," Mace said in a dejected tone.

I JUMPED in quickly with my story that Jervis might know what I had told Mace and his response puzzled me at first. He appeared to think the incident as important as Mace did. But I soon realised what was happening; Jervis was playing the inspector at his own game and winning.

He began to ply him with questions and it was sheer joy for me to watch Mace trying to avoid answering them.

Jervis was bland, far blander

Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

than Mace had ever been, and Mace seemed a much less formidable man, fencing with a clever lawyer, than when he was putting his persistent questions to me.

Jervis rattled him more than once by telling him the answers to the questions to which he gave evasive replies, then following up quickly with a further, more pertinent query. Mace was at a disadvantage too because sometimes Jervis would quote something the Chief Constable had told him and he more than surprised the inspector by his frank statement, "It's about time you did get on to testing Doctor Corby's evidence. Whether he was right or wrong is another matter, but he's got to be listened to."

"That fact is appreciated, sir," Mace said stiffly.

"I know. I know," Jervis retorted exhaling a cloud of smoke, "but you fellows have wasted valuable days. I told your Chief so. If Corby was right, Mr. Harborough's uncle was murdered and the sooner you find the murderer the better."

"I know what's in your mind," Jervis added gazing at the ceiling. "You think perhaps the man who did the job might have come back to get rid of some awkward evidence."

Mace closed his notebook and made to rise.

"I don't think I need trouble you, sir," he said. "If there should be anything you think we ought to know I'm sure you'll tell us."

"Certainly. But I don't think anyone could have got in, because I had bolts put on all the windows and new locks on the doors yesterday."

"May I ask why you did that, sir?" Mace demanded.

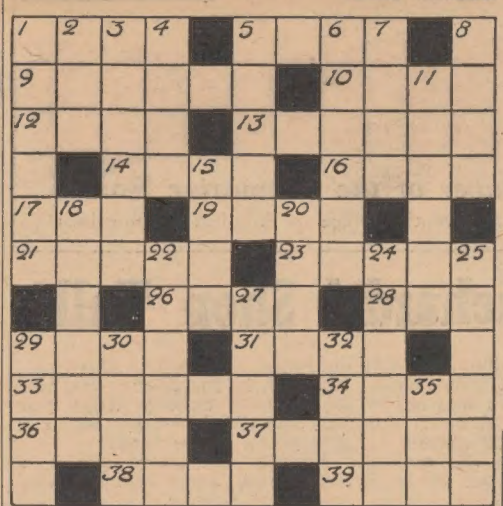
"Charabancs. Souvenir hunters. The civilised British public in this year of grace. Mr. Mace, has it not occurred to you what may happen on this fine Sunday afternoon? You'd better send Warne down to control the traffic on the Beach Path. Man, you'll have ghouls from fifty



This eight-and-a-half-foot youth only needs 103 sq. ft. of cloth to make him a suit. What the tailor calls a pretty tall order, of course—in fact, so tall that he has to positively rise to the occasion. Still, the order undoubtedly put him at the top of the ladder, so why should he grouse?

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



- Hew.
- Rich soil.
- Dawn goddess.
- Observe.
- Hard timber.
- Eight-legged animal.
- Information.
- Intervening.
- Pull.
- Jot.
- Upright.
- Blank book.
- Word of hesitation.
- Mimic.
- First light.
- Short distance.
- Ordains.
- Famous composer.
- Undiluted.
- Roadway.
- Frolic.
- Sailors.

CHINA ASSAM
A DELIGHT U
TRIAL EARLS
COOPER PEEK
HUM GATEWAY
T TENON G
RIPOSTE CUB
ANEW SCORER
VENAL AMUSE
E CRAMPED A
NEEDY SNEAK

CLUES DOWN.

- Oxen.
- Colour.
- Fruit.
- Push.
- Lariat.
- Beast.
- Fashion.
- Sea bird.
- Drinking vessel.
- Possessing.
- Guave.
- Plug.
- Countermand.
- Fruit.
- Net.
- Attempt.
- Size of paper.
- Distort.
- Assist.
- Dog.

miles around staring at Eastwinds after the hullabaloo the papers made. The victim's home! But, of course, that's not your province. I told your Chief last night."

"I expect he'll have issued instructions, sir," Mace replied.

He apologised nicely for having worried me, as he left, and said he was sure he could count on me to give him any assistance I could. And I assured him that I would.

"Well, what's all this damned hornet's nest you've stirred up?" Jervis asked when Mace had gone.

I told him and expected surprise when I said that I had seen a woman trying to get into the bungalow. But Jervis merely responded. "I expect it was Mrs. Long."

"But why Mrs. Long?"

"Because she bought Yates' suitcase at Gidding's shop on Friday morning. Gidding sold it to her himself. I've just come from him."

"But what do you know about her?" I asked again.

"She's a Croft," he said enigmatically.

I asked what that implied.

"It means a hell of a lot to people round here," he explained. "A bad lot, the Crofts, there's gipsy blood there. You ask Moon what he thinks of Crofts. Dirtiest lot of poachers in the county. One of her brothers was mixed up in a very nasty business at Lingthorpe a few years ago. Keeper shot. Pug Croft got four years and he ought to have been hanged."

I thought of Mrs. Long with her wild black hair and thin lips, and savage shrewish voice, as Jervis talked on. She looked a gipsy, and as strong as a horse.

Her father, Jervis said, was a thoroughly bad lot. He had kept a lonely pub called the "Ship" at a place called Langley Quay, about ten miles away, a hotbed of trouble, the rendezvous of every poacher and thief in the district.

"But he was a cunning old trout," Jarvis added with a touch of appreciation. "The police were always after him, but they never got him until he took to the bottle."

I asked about the "Ship" and he said it was a very different place now. Old Croft had sold to a Captain Palmer who had turned it into one of these picturesque fashionable country inns.

"He spent a pot of money on it, but I should think he's doing pretty well out of it, to judge by the prices he asks. A very competent fellow. He gets crowds of people there in the summer and at week-ends. Puts up damned good food and charges West End prices for it. But, none the less, it's a rum place."

And that's all he would say.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

- Hum-hum is an Indian drink, Spanish dance, kind of cloth, Scottish game, young pheasant?
- Who wrote (a) The Sorcerer, (b) The Alchemist?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Slowly, Fast, Late, Soon, Wisely, Hardly, Foolish.
- How many stripes are there in the U.S.A. flag?
- How many chemical elements are there?
- Which is the larger, Scotland or Ireland?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt? Natterjack, Neopolitan, Nautch, Nebula, Niegh, Neurgalia, Niggard.
- Of which English county is the red rose the badge?
- An ell measures 35, 40, 45, 50, 55 inches?
- What is the highest mountain in England?
- Where was the Crystal Palace first built?
- Name five animals beginning with A, B, C, D, and E, respectively.

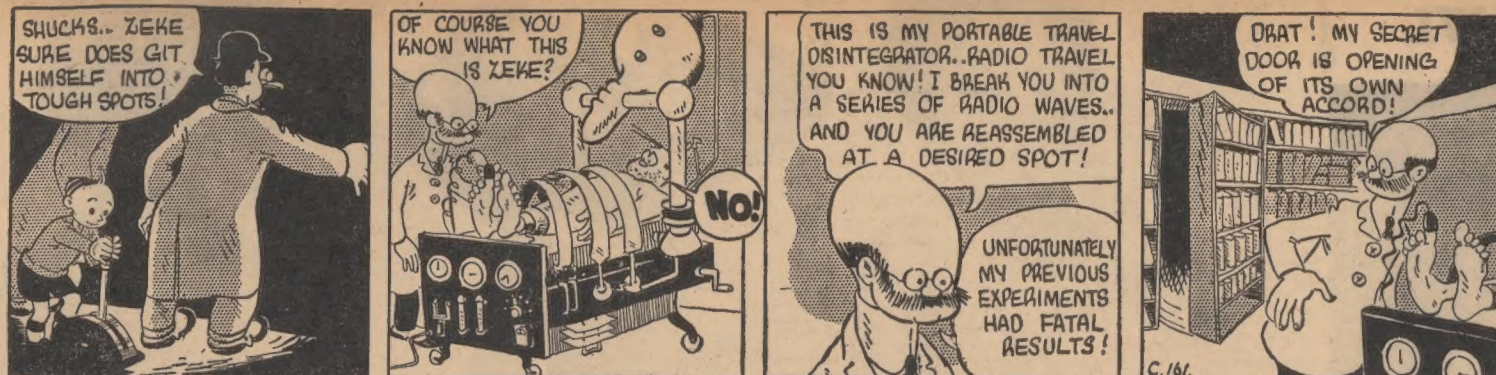
Answers to Quiz in No. 392

- Fruit.
- (a) Turgenev, (b) D. H. Lawrence.
- An Amati is a violin; others are cars.
- Eaglet.
- Italian.
- A pack of cards.
- Sarsaparilla, Satellite.
- Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.
- The Big Apple.
- 24.
- The Chequers.
- Horse, Hare, Hedgehog, Hippopotamus, Hyæna.

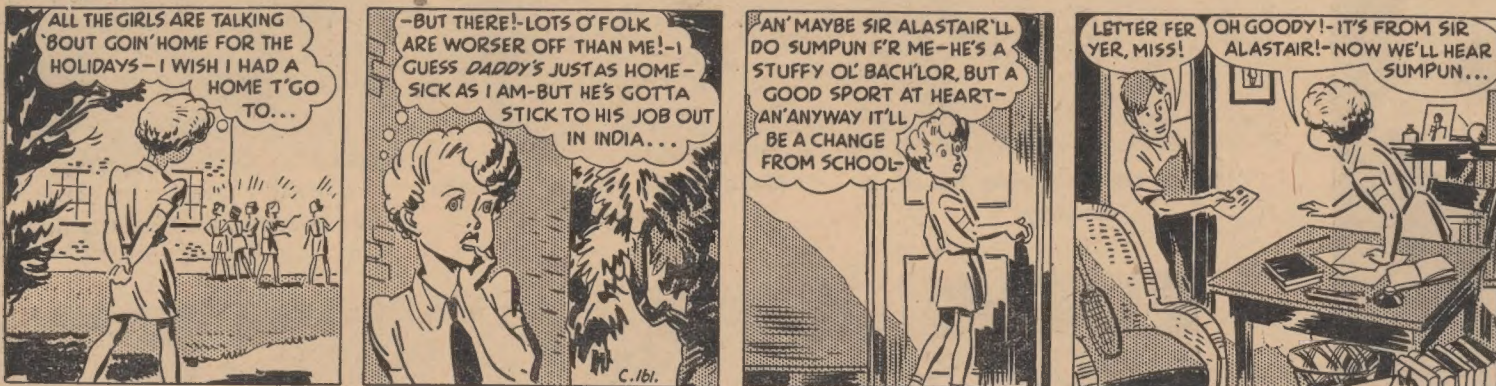
JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

IMMUNITY.

... the belief, encouraged by our long history of untroubled peace at home, that we are somehow immune from the disasters which overtake other peoples. Volcanoes, earthquakes, hurricanes, famines, civil wars, massacres, alien tyrannies—these are for others, not for us. We are the favourites of Providence; safety and comfort are our birthright. This mood received a painful shock in 1940-1941; and one might suppose that air raids and private griefs and anxieties, not to mention "the minor horrors of war," would have by now practically extinguished it. But it is a mood very hard to kill, and quick to regenerate itself. Victory will provide it with plenty of encouragement. ... Our very success will bring psychological dangers in its train—dangers of which we cannot be too soon and too clearly aware.

Geoffrey Faber.

POST-WAR RECONSTRUCTION.

IT is important that everybody should realise that not only the Government but also he himself has a contribution to make, and the ordinary citizen not least. He has to make perhaps the greatest contribution of all, for he is expected to exercise restraint and moderation, not only during the war, but for many months after the fighting is over. Last time there was a spending spree immediately after the Armistice, and this had as much influence as any other factor in producing the slump. This time the citizen will be expected to hold himself in until the Forces and the munition industries can be demobilised, until the most urgent needs, such as exports and productive machinery, can be provided, and until industry can produce the goods for him to buy.

Geoffrey Crowther (Editor of "The Economist").

THE PAPER WAR.

AT a rough estimate, we have something like 15,000 war-time rules and regulations. A great deal of this paper is showered on shopkeepers, manufacturers and producers. One firm that was charged with breaking the law pleaded in defence that they employed a really intelligent person full-time to keep abreast of all the new orders and controls. The poor fellow was off sick for a week. That did it—he never caught up. There are rules and regulations about the most extraordinary things—from fishing for eels to wiping-rags. There are at least ten Orders dealing with the Control of Tins, Cans, Kegs, Drums and Packaging Pails, and they all had to be altered when the authorities decided to allow tin-plate to be used for snuff and tobacco tins.

Douglas Houghton.

GREAT PICTURES.

A GREAT picture is not a thing that can be fully appreciated and enjoyed as you stroll by. It is always the product of an unusual intellect, a thing long pondered, a thing produced with superlative, painstaking skill. A real work of art is, in a very real sense, an inexhaustible source, an undying fire, to which we should go again and again to refresh or rekindle our spirit. ... It should teach us to see with a new power of vision. To enjoy it properly we must make a real effort to concentrate our faculties; and that effort is apt to be fatiguing if unduly prolonged.

Professor Thomas Bodkin.

LAW AND MORALITY.

MANY of the things which are forbidden by law are not really inherently wrong, but just inconvenient—like feeding bread to animals or hanging on behind a cart when you are riding a bicycle—whilst a great many things that are morally wrong, that cause untold suffering to other people—things like indulging in jealousy or ill-temper, or meanness or petty tyranny—for the most part are quite outside the scope of the law; so that nowadays we do not expect the legal and moral codes to cover all the same ground. What we do ask is that the legal code shall not offend our ideas of what is right. This may sound easy; but the problem of achieving it is by no means easy. It is as old as Socrates and as modern as the question of the conscientious objector.

Margery Fry.

PROSPERITY.

TO gain a living—even to gain a living in order to build a new house—is not a sufficient purpose, whether for an individual or a nation. It is a strange but certain fact that, if a human being pursues nothing but his own prosperity, he suffers a moral loss so great that prosperity becomes worthless to him; whereas, if he pursues the same end for others besides himself, he receives a moral gain so great that his prosperity becomes a means of artistic and spiritual enrichment. This, I think, is the simple, individual aspect of a universal human law, which holds true of groups and nations, no less than of individuals ... the conditions of isolationism have ceased to exist.

Geoffrey Faber.

**Good
Morning**

**BASKET-
BRAWL**



"Now, this is going to be a beauty."



"Here goes all the breath I've got."



"Breath-taking, no doubt, but where the dickens has it gone to?"

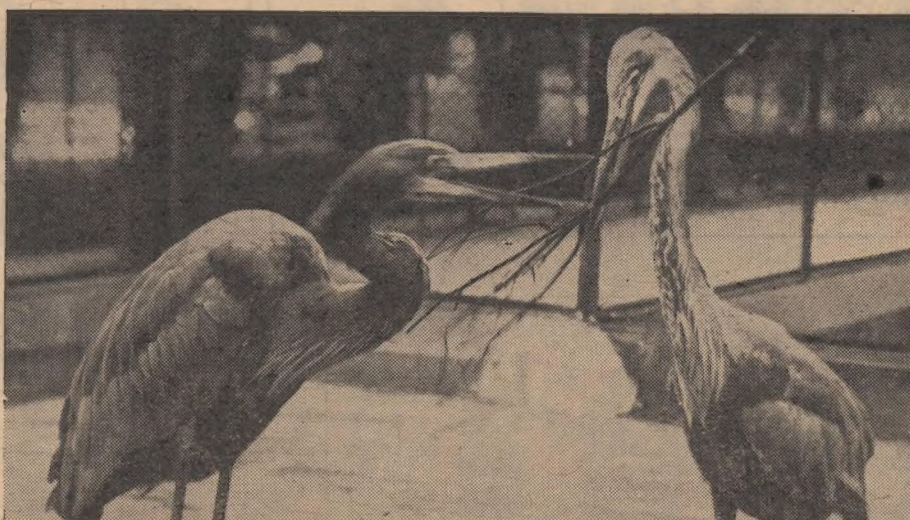


★
Now with both feet on the ladder of fame, here is lovely, luscious Evelyn Keyes, star Columbia films.
★



This England

No matter where you find yourself in Devon, there's always something irresistibly homely. Here is a view of Broadhembury, East Devon.



"June in January," seems to have misled the giant heron into premature house building, but his mate just won't fall for it. Perhaps the old bird was trying to pull over a fast one, who knows.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"That check-mated him, anyway."

